Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſt. T'is not due yet, I would bee loath to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Wel, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word? what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile no ne of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter VVorceſter, *and ſir Richard Vernon.*

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere beſt he did.

VVor. Then are wee all vnder one.

It is not poſſible: it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
VVho neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht and lockt vp,
VVill haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. VVe did traine him on
And his corruption beene tane from vs,

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good cooſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpurre.*
Ve Deliuer what you will Ile ſay tis ſo, Here coms your cooſin.

Hot. My vncle is returnd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Vncle what news.

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently,

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry and ſhal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
Hee cals vs rebels, traitors, and will ſcorge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug*

Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of wales ſtept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in con tempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challeng vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongu,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Cronycle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtil diſpraying praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeede,